



エイジ・
コールド

えすえむ

ブル



ON WEDNESDAY,
PETE BRIAN DIED.



ON THAT SAME WEDNESDAY,
MY ROOMMATE, NICK,
RAN AWAY WITH MY GUITAR AND CASH.

JOE COXON, WHO USED TO BE A MEMBER OF 'THE REBELS,'
SHOWED UP THAT NIGHT WHEN I WANTED TO DIE.

"WE ARE TOO OLD TO DIE.
ALL THAT'S LEFT FOR US IS TO LIVE LIFE IN THE ROUGH."

JOE PLAYED HIS GUITAR RECITING THOSE WORDS.

ISN'T IT AWESOME?
I GOT TO SEE HIM SING THE SONG, "TOO OLD TO DIE,"
IN THAT TINY CLUB.

THE GIN HAS JUST RUN OUT.
AND THE SIRENS KEEP ON SCREAMING.
OUR EARS ARE NUMB,
AND WE DON'T HEAR A THING.

THERE'S NOT A SINGLE WINDOW
IN THIS SHABBY LITTLE ROOM,
BUT LOOK OUTSIDE.
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT.

The gin has just run out
And the sirens keep on screaming
But our ears are numb
And we don't hear a thing

There's no single window
In this shabby little room
But look outside
It's a beautiful night

It's a good night
A good night to die

But we are just too old
We're just too old to die

IT'S A GOOD NIGHT,
JUST THE PERFECT NIGHT TO DIE.

BUT WE ARE JUST TOO OLD,
JUST TOO OLD TO DIE.

To be or not to be
He has a lovely ring
But you and I have no choice
But to go on with our
Shabby little lives

I'M HUNGRY...



**Lost in the
Supermarket.**



THE
FUNERAL OF
THE REBELS'
PETE BRIAN
WAS HELD
TODAY IN
A LONDON
SUBURB.

Peach
Slices

Peach
Slices

Lochies

SOURCES
SAY THE BAND'S
FORMER
GUITARIST,
JOE GORDON,
WHO SPLIT WITH
THE BAND AFTER
AN ARGUMENT,
ATTENDED THE
CEREMONY.

SINCE NICK LEFT,
I'VE HEARD THE DEAD GUY'S NAME
ON THE RADIO THREE TIMES.

I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE'S BEEN
WANDERING AROUND,
BUT HE STILL HASN'T COME HOME.

...OUR NEXT
SONG IS BY
THE REBELS.
"TOO OLD
TO DIE."
THIS REQUEST
IS FROM...







...NICK?!



DO YOU
HAVE ANY
IDEA HOW
MUCH
I...?

ALL
BECAUSE
YOU RAN
OFF WITH
THE
MONEY,

YOU...!

WHY
DON'T
YOU BUY
THIS? I'M
HUNGRY.



LET'S GO
GET YOU
A SHOWER.

FOR NOW,



I PAID
SOME OF IT
BACK, AND LET
'EM KNOCK ME
AROUND FOR
WHATEVER
I STILL
OWED.



WHAT
ABOUT
YOUR
DEBT?



IT PISSED
ME OFF THAT
THOSE BASTARDS
WERE GONNA GIVE
ME SO LITTLE FOR
IT, SO I LEFT IT
WITH THE BLOKE
AT THE MUSIC
SHOP.



WHAT
ABOUT MY
GUITAR?
DON'T TELL ME
YOU TRADED
IT IN FOR
CASH? DID
YOU?



JUST
REMEMBER,
ONCE YOU'RE
HEALED UP,
I'M GONNA
SOCK YOU AT
LEAST FIVE
TIMES.



DON'T
WORRY.
I TOLD
HIM NOT
TO SELL
IT.

WHAT?



I'M GONNA
GO GET IT.
MAKE SURE
YOU DRY
OFF PRO-
PERLY AND
GET SOME
SLEEP.

PETE
FROM
THE
REBELS.

WHOP?

HEY,
SPEAKING
OF
WHICH...
THAT OLD
GUY...

I SAW HIM
THE DAY
BEFORE HE
DIED.

HE
HAD THIS
FACE THAT
TOTALLY
SAID, "I GIVE
UP ON THIS
FUCKIN'
LIFE."

SO
I WENT AND
HAD A CHAT
WITH HIM.
IT'S EASY TO
SWEET-TALK
CASH OUTTA
GUYS LIKE
HIM.

WHAT?

Я ♥ ТИТАРА









YEAH,
HE'S BACK.



HA HA HA.
DON'T BE
THAT WAY.
HE'S ALREADY
HAD HIS FACE
BASHED IN.



HUH?
FROM
THE
RECORD
COMPANY?



HEY.



IT'S
ALL RIGHT.
HE'S GONNA
KEEP HIS
SHIT
TOGETHER
FROM NOW
ON.



CAN'T
YOU
SEE I'M
ON THE
PHONE
?



I WROTE
SOME
SONGS.

WHEN?

AFTER
PETE DIED.



HOW
MANY?





TRY TO
MEMORIZE
IT AFTER
THE FIRST
TIME.



I DON'T
HAVE TO
KNOW
'EM.



YOU
ALREADY
TAKE CARE
OF 'EM
FOR ME
ANYWAY.



WHAT
FOR?

YOU
TAKE CARE
OF THE
CHORDS
YOURSELF,
THEN!



YOU
KNOW THIS
WHOLE SONG
WRITING
BUSINESS?
HOW ABOUT
"JONES AND
SIMON"?

DOESN'T IT
SOUND LIKE
LENNON AND
MCCARTNEY?







YOU
KNOW...

YOUR
JOGGING
SHOES, I WAS
THE ONE WHO
STOLE THEM.

WHAT
ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT?



TWENTY
QUID.

FOR
HOW
MUCH?

...WHAT
A PETTY
THIEF.



IN HIGH
SCHOOL, YOU
WENT BERSERK
DURING PHYS.
ED. 'CAUSE
YOU LOST A
NEW PAIR.

I STOLE
'EM AND
SOLD
THEM TO
AN UNDER-
CLASSMAN.









ROCK IS...

FOR US,
THE LIVING!
WE ARE ALIVE.
HERE,
RIGHT NOW!!

I DON'T
HAVE A
FUCKIN'
SONG TO
DEDICATE
TO
A DEAD
GUY.

FIRST,
LET ME
MAKE THIS
CLEAR.







DURING THE NEXT WEEK,
SEVERAL THINGS HAPPENED.

WE GOT A CALL FROM
THE RECORD LABEL ON MONDAY.

JOE, THE EX-REBELS MEMBER,
BECAME OUR PRODUCER ON TUESDAY.

HE AND NICK HAD AN ARGUMENT OVER
OUR AGREEMENT ON WEDNESDAY.

WHEN I GOT UP ON THURSDAY,
NICK WAS GONE.

KARL, THE BASSIST, AND ALEX, THE DRUMMER,
SIGNED THE CONTRACT ON FRIDAY.

I PLAYED THE GUITAR
ON SATURDAY AND SUNDAY.

AND ON THE FOLLOWING MONDAY...



WHERE
HAVE YOU
BEEN?



NICK!

COME LOOK
FOR ME.

DON'T
WANDER
OFF LIKE
A STRAY
CHILD
AGAIN!



THE END OF LOST IN THE SUPERMARKET

PARTY LIKE
YOU'RE ALL ALONE.



OH,
YEAH.

ABOUT
THE
DEAL...



I
WANDERED
AROUND
FOR A BIT
AND...



I'LL
SIGN IT.



TRIFLE
THEN!

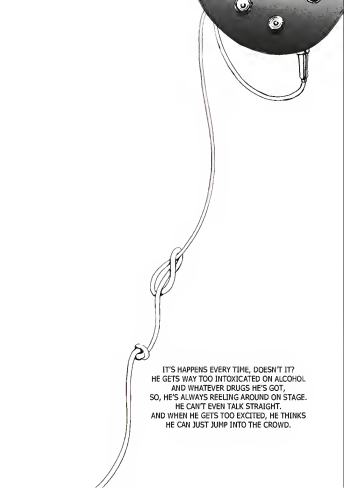
WE'LL
HAVE TO
BUY SOME
INGREDI-
ENTS.

I'LL GO
PICK 'EM
OUT.



GRAB
WHATEVER
YOU
WANNA
EAT.





IT'S HAPPENS EVERY TIME, DOESN'T IT?
HE GETS WAY TOO INTOXICATED ON ALCOHOL
AND WHATEVER DRUGS HE'S GOT,
SO, HE'S ALWAYS REELING AROUND ON STAGE.
HE CAN'T EVEN TALK STRAIGHT.
AND WHEN HE GETS TOO EXCITED, HE THINKS
HE CAN JUST JUMP INTO THE CROWD.



YOU JUST
THINK WE
CAN'T MAKE
IT WITHOUT
NICK.

BUT...

WE
GOTTA
KICK
HIM OUT.
WE CAN'T
WORK LIKE
THIS
ANY-
MORE.



IT'S TRUE
THAT NICK'S
TALENTED,
BUT AT THIS
RATE, HE'S
GONNA DRAG
THE BAND
DOWN.



CAN YOU
REMEMBER
THE LAST
TIME HE
PLAYED A
BIG WITH
A CLEAR
HEAD?

.....



WHAT
ARE YOU,
HIS
MUM?



HE'S JUST
ADJUSTING
AND GETTING
BACK INTO
THE SWING
OF THINGS.



HEY,
GUYS!

IT'S
TIME,
LET'S
GO.







YOU
MEAN
DURING
THE LAST
TEN
MINUTES? HOW
THOUGHTFUL
OF YOU!



I CAME
'CAUSE
YOU
GUYS
TOLD ME
TO!



YOU
CAN SAY
THAT AFTER
GIVING
A DECENT
PERFOR-
MANCE FOR
ONCE!



IF THE
AUDIENCE
WAS HAPPY,
THEN IT'S
ALL GOOD.



ACTUALLY,
IT'S UNTIL
THE AFTER-
NOON.

THAT'S
WORSE!

THAT'S
'CAUSE YOU
RUN WILD
UNTIL ALL
HOURS OF
THE MORN-
ING.



I JUST
CAN'T
GET UP...

WHY
CAN'T YOU
SHOW UP
ON TIME?



YOU'RE
TOO OLD
TO HAVE
A BABY-
SITTER
NOW.



WHY
ARE YOU
GUYS
BEING
THIS
WAY?



THAT'S
'CAUSE
YOU'RE
TOO LOUD.

MAN,
NO MORE
WILD NIGHTS
AFTER MOVING.
THIS NEW
LANDLORD
WON'T LET
ME PARTY



BUT
REMEMBER
THAT THERE
ARE OTHER
PEOPLE IN
THE BAND.



KEEP
IN MIND,
YOU'RE
GONNA GET
KICKED OUT
IF YOU MAKE
A RACKET.



DON'T DO
ANYTHING?
LIKE, JUST
SIT QUIETLY
IN FRONT OF
THE TELLY?



YOU
CAN SAY
IT'S YOUR
BUSINESS
TO RUN
WILD,



MAYBE I
SHOULDN'T
HAVE MOVED.
I REALLY LIKED
THAT ROOM,
EVEN THOUGH
IT DIDN'T
HAVE ANY
WINDOWS.



I COULD
BLAST SOME
MUSIC, GET
PISS DRUNK,
AND SING MY
HEART OUT.

TRUTH IS...
I DON'T LIKE
PARTIES. WHEN
THEY END,
I ALWAYS FEEL
LONELY.



THEN,
DON'T DO
THEM.



THAT'S
LONELY,
TOO.





WHENEVER
I LOOK AT
YOU KIDS,
IT REMINDS
ME OF MY
YOUTH.

DON'T
WORRY,
THAT BOY
IS STILL
BEHAVING.



HA HA HA.



YOU
TWO ARE
ADOR-
ABLE.



...REALLY
?



HEY, BILLY. I
DON'T KNOW
COMPLICATED
THINGS WELL,

BUT
I SUGGEST
YOU SECURE
THE THINGS
THAT YOU
DON'T WANT
TO LOSE.



MAYBE
THAT'S
MUSIC, OR
MAYBE IT'S
THAT BOY.



HUMMING?
WHAT
ABOUT THE
LYRICS?



I'M
STILL
WRITING
THEM.







COULD I SING? WITHOUT THIS GUY?



I COULD SING, RIGHT? EVEN IF I WAS ALONE?

IF I HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN NICK AND MUSIC,
I WOULDN'T HESITATE TO CHOOSE MUSIC.

THAT WOULD BE THE RIGHT CHOICE. YEAH, JOE?







AND
YOU
OVER
THERE,
AS
WELL!

YOU,
AND
YOU
TOO!

I WANT
YOU
ALL TO
LEAVE.

WHAT
IS THIS,
DOING
AS YOU
PLEASE
IN SOME-
ONE ELSE'S
HOUSE?

HURRY
UP AND
GET OUT
OF HERE!
RIGHT
NOW!





I EVEN
MADE YOU
A TRIFLE.

YOU
GET OUT,
TOO.



PLEASE
LISTEN
TO ME.



EVERY-
BODY'S
HERE
'CAUSE IT'S
A SPECIAL
DAY.



HAVE
A BITE.
DON'T LET
IT GO TO
WASTE.





IS MY
TRIFLE
THAT
GOOD?



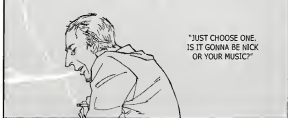
WHY
ARE YOU
CRYING?











"JUST CHOOSE ONE.
IS IT GONNA BE NICK
OR YOUR MUSIC?"

I'VE MADE MY CHOICE, JOE.



NICK IS MY MUSIC.

THE END OF PARTY LIKE YOU'RE ALL ALONE.



If
I was
your mother.







HERE,
THIS IS
FOR YOU.
YOU SHOULD
THANK ME.
I EVEN
SIGNED
IT.



SO,
WHERE
DO I GO
TO CASH
IT IN?





IT'S ALL SIMPLE AFTER
YOU GET IT OVER WITH.



I LET MY BREATHING
BECOME SPORADIC.

I LET MY VOICE MAKE
STRANGE NOISES.



BUT,
WHY IS MY HEART ACHING SO
MUCH RIGHT NOW?







LET ME
HAVE
A SWEETIE,
MY EARS
NEED TO
POP.



...WHAT
IS IT?



WHY
DIDN'T YOU
BRING YOUR
OWN?



IT'S
OUR SONG.
I REALLY
LIKE THIS
CHORUS
PART.



YOU REALLY
SOUND LIKE
YOU'RE ABOUT
TO CRY WHEN
YOU SING.







GIVE ME
SOME
ASPIRIN.



WHAT?



I'M IN
THE SHITTER
NOW. I'M
BORROWING
YOUR CAR.



I WON'T BE
DRIVING
YOURS.

FORGET
IT!



WHAT DO
YOU MEAN
YOU'RE BOR-
ROWING MY
CAR? YOU'RE
SLOSHED!



PARDON
ME, MIGHT
I NICK
THIS FOR
A BIT?





NICK?
WHERE ARE
YOU? WHEN
YOU HEAR
THIS, CALL ME
RIGHT--







THERE'S NO "WHAT SHOULD WE DO?" WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A TOUR.

WHAT SHOULD WE DO?



LET'S WORRY ABOUT NICK WHEN WE GET BACK.

WE CAN HANDLE THIS, JUST THE THREE OF US.



HEY, BILLY. CALM DOWN.

THE GUY HASN'T EVEN CALLED YET.



STOP IT.
ARGUING
ISN'T GOING
TO SOLVE
THE
PROBLEM.

THEN,
WHAT
DO YOU
SUGGEST
WE DO?

WHAT?
SHOULD
WE CANCEL
THE TOUR
AND GIVE
OUT FLYERS
OR SOME-
THING?

I'M
SICK AND
TIRED OF
GETTING
YANKED
AROUND
BY HIM.

SAYING,
"TERRIBLY SORRY,
CHAPS. OUR IDIOT
FRIEND GOT A WEE-
BIT DRUNK AND
MOWED OVER SOME
GRANNY WITH A
STOLEN MOTOR CAR.
DON'T THINK THE
BOBBIES WILL LET
HIM OUT FOR
A WHILE." IS
THAT WHAT YOU
WANT IT TO
SAY?

DOESN'T IT
EVEN BOTHER
YOU THAT HE
RAN OVER
SOMEONE AND
IS LOCKED UP
NOW?
OUR MATE?!



TO HIM, THIS
IS NOTHING
BUT "PLAYING
BAND."

IT DOESN'T
MATTER THAT
HE'S ONE OF
OUR MATES.



BILLY,
YOU'RE
PRETENDING TO
WORRY, BUT DEEP
INSIDE YOU'RE
RELIEVED TOO.
AREN'T YOU?



YOU'RE
THINKING,
"I'M GONNA BE
FREE IF NICK GETS
LOCKED UP FOR
A FEW YEARS.
I WON'T HAVE TO
BABY-SIT HIM
ANYMORE."



OR, ARE YOU
AFRAID THAT
YOU'VE LOST YOUR
"BABY-SITTING"
POSITION.







HE'S
A NICE
GUY, BUT
HE'S A BIT
OF A
PUFF.

NOT
ABOUT
THAT, HOW
DO YOU
THINK THE
TRIAL WILL
GO?



WHAT
ABOUT A
LAWYER
?



I'VE BEEN
DETAINED
BEFORE, BUT
THIS IS MY
FIRST TIME
INSIDE
AN ACTUAL
CELL.

THAT'S
GOOD,
BECAUSE
THE NEXT
STEP IS
PRISON!



NOT SURE,
BUT THREE
YEARS
MINIMUM?



YOU
MEAN
YOUR
NOSE?

IT'S
BECAUSE
OF YOU.

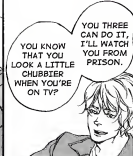


I MEAN
THE BAND.
I DON'T
THINK I CAN
STAY WITH
THEM ANY-
MORE.



...
BILLY
?

IT'S BEEN
TEN YEARS
SINCE I LAST
GOT INTO
A SCUFFLE
WITH KARL.



YOU KNOW
THAT YOU
LOOK A LITTLE
CHUBBIER
WHEN YOU'RE
ON TV?

YOU THREE
CAN DO IT,
I'LL WATCH
YOU FROM
PRISON.



WE
CANCELLED
IT. WE'RE IN
THE MIDDLE
OF FIGURING
OUT WHAT
TO DO
NOW.

KARL AND
ALEX ARE
SAYING
WE SHOULD
SPLIT THE
BAND UP.



WHAT
ABOUT
THE
TOUR?



WHAT ARE
YOU GOING
TO DO?





**BILLY
!**



**DON'T
GIVE ME
THAT
LOOK!**

**YOU LOOK
LIKE YOU
MADE SOME
SORT OF
SACRIFICE
FOR ME.**



**YOU'RE
NOT MY
MUM,
BILLY!**



**SO, DON'T
LOOK AT
ME WITH
THOSE
EYES!**



NICK
JONES.

ON THE LISTED
CHARGES:
D.U.I., RECKLESS
ENDANGERMENT,

GRAND
THEFT AUTO,
POSSESSION
OF
NARCOTICS...

WE SENTENCE
YOU TO THREE
YEARS OF
INCARCERATION,
AS THE JURY
RECOMMENDS.







BILLY, IF...



IF I WAS YOUR MOTHER,
COULD I SAY THIS
IN SIMPLE WORDS,



TOGETHER WITH
"GOOD NIGHT..."





NO MATTER HOW MANY SONGS I WRITE,



**I CAN'T GET OUT THE WORDS THAT
I WANT TO SAY TO YOU THE MOST.**





LONG TIME,
NO SEE.

YOU'RE
LATE.

I'VE
BEEN
BUSY.

FOR
A YEAR?



YOU
DOING
WELL?



YOUR HAIR IS
LONGER. IT
SUITS YOU.



HA!
THAT WILL
REALLY BE JAIL.
HOUSE ROCK.

HA
HA
HA.

I'M DOING
ALL RIGHT. I GET
MY MEALS AND HAVE
A BED. IT'S NOT MUCH
DIFFERENT THAN
WHEN I USED TO LIVE
WITH YOU. I EVEN
RECRUITED SOME
GUYS TO FORM
A BAND WHEN
WE GET OUT.



AND YOU?



HOW'S
EVERYONE?

KARL AND
ALEX ARE
TOURING WITH
A NEW BAND.
THEY'RE
PRETTY
POPULAR,
TOO.



I'M DOING
IT ALONE
FOR NOW.



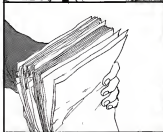
HEY...

IS THERE
ANYTHING
YOU WANT?
ANYTHING
THE GUARDS
WILL LET
ME SEND
YOU?



THAT'S
ALL I CAN
THINK OF.







YOU CAN
WRITE IT
AGAIN.

WAIT,
NICK.



JUST
THAT PART,
GO OVER IT
JUST ONCE
MORE.

TRY TO
MEMORIZE
IT AFTER
THE FIRST
TIME.

THEY HAVE
TIME LIMITS
HERE, YOU
KNOW.

THE END OF IF I WAS YOUR MOTHER.



***noises
of
silence***



BUT I
COMPLETELY
FORGOT IT.
I COULDN'T
MEMORIZE
IT.

I WROTE
A SONG.



LET ME HEAR THAT THUNDEROUS GUITAR SOUND.
LOUD ENOUGH THAT IT COULD BLAST STRAIGHT
THROUGH YOUR EAR DRUM.

WHAT IS THAT NOISE? THAT OBNOXIOUS RACKET YOU
GUYS ARE MAKING SOUNDS NO BETTER THAN
A PACK OF HOWLING MUTTS!





I'M HARD OF HEARING.

ON TOP OF THAT, MY LEFT EAR IS PRETTY MUCH DEAF.



SO, WHAT DID THE DOCTOR SAY?



IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF THAT DAMN GUITAR.



WELL, WE DON'T REALLY HAVE CONTACT.

I HOPE HE'S NOT LYING DEAD IN THE STREET SOMEWHERE.

HOW ARE YOU AND JOE THESE DAYS?



UM,
PETE.



IT'S
COMMON FOR
A BAND THAT
HAS SPLIT UP
TO MOVE PAST
THEIR INTERNAL
DISCORD AND
REUNITE.



WHAT DID
YOU SAY?
I CAN'T
HEAR YOU
WELL.



HUH?



EVERY BLOODY BUGGER HAS
THEIR OWN OPINION...







HUH?



ME.



THEY SAY THE WORLD IS GOING DOWN
THE DRAIN. I MUST BE GOING DOWN
WITH IT IF I'VE DROPPED TO THIS LEVEL.

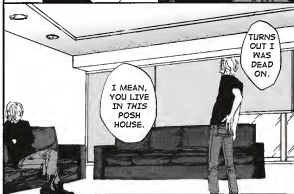


YOU
LOOKED
LIKE YOU
MIGHT
HAVE
A PORKY
WALLET.

AH...



WHY ME?



I MEAN,
YOU LIVE
IN THIS
POSH
HOUSE.

TURNS
OUT I
WAS
DEAD
ON.



DON'T PAY
THAT ANY
MIND. WHY
DON'T YOU
TAKE OFF THAT
ODD SHIRT
FIRST?



YOU WERE
GIVING OUT
AUTOGRAPHS,
RIGHT?
YOU A
CELEBRITY?

.....



I DON'T
MIND DOING
IT QUICK
AND DIRTY.

YOU JUST
GET RIGHT
TO IT,
MISTER!



THEIR
GUITARIST
PLAYS BLOODY
LOUD, LIKE
A COMPLETE
NUTTER.

MY ROOMMATE
EVEN COPIED
THIS GUY'S
TATTOO CAUSE
HE'S SUCH A
HUGE FAN.



HOW
DO YOU
WANT
IT?

NOT BAD,
HUH? THIS
T-SHIRT, I
GOT IT CHEAP
CAUSE IT
WAS WORN.





IT'S NOT
GOOD FOR
MY EARS,
EITHER.

I'M SICK
OF ROCK.



ESPECIALLY
THE GUITAR,
RIGHT?



YOUR
HEARING'S
PRETTY
BAD, HUH?



I KNEW IT.
NO WONDER YOU
AREN'T MAKING
AN ANGRY FACE,
EVEN THOUGH I'VE
BEEN TALKING
YOUR EARS OFF
SINCE I GOT
HERE.



HA HA HA.
YOU AND
I SING
THE SAME
TUNE.

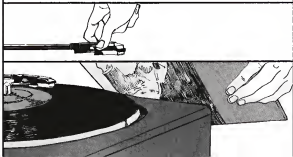


ESPECIALLY
IF THEY HAVE
A TATTOO ON
THEIR LEFT
SHOULDER.



IT'S ALL
BECAUSE OF
THE STUPID
GUITARIST.

IT'S A
DILEMMA,
BECAUSE
GUITARISTS
ARE ALL
IDIOTS.





ISN'T THAT
WHY YOU
CAME WITH
ME?



I MEAN,
I DON'T
WANT
MONEY
FOR IT.



I WANT
TO DO IT.
WITH YOU.



WAGNER.



I DON'T
KISS.



I WANT
TO AT
LEAST
SAY NO
TO DRUGS
AND DIS-
EASES,



BUT I'M
WAY PAST
THE DRUG
PHASE, AND
I DON'T
HAVE ANY
STD'S.

OKAY.

DO YOU
WANT IT
OR NOT?



UM...

IT MAKES
ME
IRRITABLE.

BECAUSE
IT'S TOO
QUIET?

WHAT'S IT
LIKE, NOT
BEING ABLE
TO HEAR
WELL?

NO.



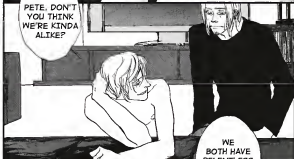
THE GUITAR
SOUNDS THAT
I HEARD A LONG
TIME AGO
LINGER, LIKE
A RINGING IN
MY EARS.

THAT'S
COOL.



PETE.

HEY,
MISTER.



PETE, DON'T
YOU THINK
WE'RE KINDA
ALIKE?

WE
BOTH HAVE
RELENTLESS
LOVE FOR OUR
GUITARISTS.



THAT'S
NONSENSE.



YOUR
GUITARIST,
WHAT'S HE
DOING RIGHT
NOW?



HA HA HA.
WHAT IS
THAT?
PRETTY
PATHETIC IN
MY BOOKS.

I DON'T
KNOW. I
HAVEN'T SEEN
HIM SINCE
WE HAD
A SPAT AT
THE PUB.



MAKE
UP WITH
HIM.



YOU DON'T
WANT TO
HEAR THE
SOUND OF
ANYONE ELSE'S
GUITAR BUT
HIS. AM I
RIGHT?



...WHAT
IS
THIS?

TAKE IT.
YOU NEED
MONEY,
DON'T
YOU?



TRUE,
BUT THIS
IS TOO
MUCH. IT'S
CRAZY...

I'LL PAY
IT BACK
ON THE
5TH OF
APRIL.



...BUT
THAT'S
TOMOR-
ROW.



RATHER
THAN THIS
KIND OF
THING,

I WANNA
HAVE YOUR
AUTOGRAPH.



NO.
I AM MY
OWN
MUSIC.

1

DO YOU
HAVE A
FAVORITE
BAND?



I DOUBT
YOU'VE
EVEN
HEARD
OF US.

THAT'S
TOO CRUEL.
I THINK IT WAS
YOU GUYS' SONG
THAT WE PLAYED
FOR THE FIRST
TIME AFTER WE
PUT OUR BAND
TOGETHER.



TAKE IT
WITH
YOU.



I DID LIKE
WAGNER,
THOUGH.



HEY...



I'LL BE
WAITING
FOR YOU AT
THE PUB WHERE
WE HAD OUR
LAST LITTLE
CHAT.

JOE, IT'S
ME. CAN
WE MEET
TOMORROW
NIGHT?



OH,
THE RADIO
STATION?
CAN I REQUEST
SOME SONGS,
THEN? YEAH,
TWO SONGS.



WHAT IS
THAT THING
BY WAGNER...
TANNHÄUSER...
OVERTURE? HUM?
NO, IT'S NOT ROCK,
BUT IT'S A GOOD
BIT OF MUSIC. PUT
IT ON. OH, AND
THE REBEL'S...

THE END OF NOISES OF SILENCE.



JUST
HOW MANY
TIMES DO I
HAVE TO TELL
YOU, WHAT
DO YOU MEAN
'REUNION'?
WHO'S
SAYING
THAT?



I HAVEN'T
EVEN
TALKED TO
PETE IN
FIVE YEARS.
NOT ONE
WORD.



HUH
?!



DOCUMENTARY,
MY ASS! HOW
WOULD OLD
FOSIES LIKE US
HAVE THE FACE TO
PULL THINGS LIKE
REUNIONS AND
DOCUMENTARIES
OFF? THAT'S
FRIGGIN'
EMBARRASS-
ING!

Too old to die.

MY
NAME'S
NICK.



NICK.
I THINK
WE ARE
ALIKE
AFTER
ALL.



HEH.
NOW
THAT'S
NONSENSE,
MISTER.





I CAN'T PICK
UP THE PHONE
RIGHT NOW.
LEAVE ME
A MESSAGE.

IDIOT. YOU
THINK I'M
ANSWERING.

JOE. IT'S ME.



CAN WE MEET
TOMORROW NIGHT?
I'LL BE WAITING FOR
YOU AT THE PUB
WHERE WE HAD OUR
LAST LITTLE CHAT.

IT'S TRUE THAT, OVER TIME, WE CAN FIND MORE THAN A FEW THINGS
WE AREN'T SATISFIED WITH IN LIFE,
BUT IT'S NOT COMMON TO HAVE A BUNCH OF THEM HAPPEN IN ONE DAY.

FIRST CASE IN POINT: I GOT INVOLVED WITH A STUPID BOY AT THE PUB.



YOU
DRINK
TOO,
MISTER.



ARE YOU
CELEBRAT-
ING SOME-
THING?



SECOND CASE IN POINT:
THE PERSON I WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET NEVER SHOWED UP.



PETE DIED.
HE WAS THE LOVE
OF MY LIFE,
AFTER JOE.

A STAR HAS
FALLEN.



PETE
WHOP

IF I SAY PETE,
THAT'S
PETE FROM
THE REBELS.

DON'T YOU
WATCH THE
NEWS?

THIRD CASE IN POINT:
AND WOULDN'T HAVE EVEN IF I WAITED FOREVER.



...DAMN IT.



TO PETE.



TO PETE,
THEN.

THE PERSON
I'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR
HASN'T SHOWN UP.
I'VE STARTED
CONFIDING IN
A KID LIKE YOU,
EVEN THOUGH I'M
THE ONE WHO'S
DOING MOST OF
THE LISTENING.

WHAT A
COINCI-
DENCE. I'M
HAVING THE
WORST DAY
OF MY LIFE,
TOO.

LISTEN
TO THIS.
THIS IS THE
WORST DAY OF
MY WHOLE LIFE.
MY ROOMMATE
RAN OFF WITH
MY CASH AND
GUITAR.

PETE DIED
ON TOP OF
THAT.



MY
ROOMMATE.
THE VOCALIST
IN MY BAND,
AND A PIG-
HEADED
IDIOT.

WHO'S
THAT?

TO NICK,
THEN!

HA HA.
THAT'S WHY
OUR BAND
IS CALLED
"THE IDIOTS."

YOU
LOOK LIKE
AN IDIOT
TO ME.









HEY.
THAT'S ENOUGH
FOR TONIGHT.
I'LL GIVE YOU
A RIDE. JUST
TELL ME WHERE
YOU LIVE.



SORRY, THIS
SHOULD COVER
THE MESS.



THIS
ISN'T
GOING
TO WORK.



HAH...
AHA
HA HA.



...URF.

HEY. CAN
YOU WALK
STRAIGHT?

I WANT
YOU TO
SING,
PETE.

AGAIN,
WITH THAT
RASPY
VOICE OF
YOURS...



AH,
OUCH!
SHIT!
I STEPPED
ON SOME-
THING.

WHERE
THE HELL IS
YOUR LIGHT
SWITCH?



HEY
WHICH
ONE IS
YOUR
BED?

ANYWAY,
THIS IS
QUITE
A MESS
YOU'VE
GOT
HERE.



THIS ROOM
DOESN'T
HAVE ANY
WINDOWS?



IS IT THIS
ONE?



WHY
THE HELL
AM I BABY-
SITTING?



YOU
IDIOT.
YOU CAN'T
SLEEP LIKE
THAT.



HERE,
TAKE OFF
YOUR PANTS
FIRST.
YOU'RE
COVERED IN
VOMIT.



IF YOU
FEEL LIKE
YOU'RE
GOING TO
BE SICK,
GO TO THE
TOILET.

WHAT'S
WRONG
?

OO
OOOO
OO



I STILL
CAN'T
BELIEVE
PETE'S
DEAD.



I'M SURE.
I FEEL
THE SAME
WAY.







THAT'S
YOUNG.

WOODY DIED.
HE WAS
ONLY 27.



JOE...



DON'T YOU
GO OFF
AND DIE.



I'M 28.

I'M TOO OLD
TO DIE.



JOE?!

ERG,
BRING
ME SOME
LIQUOR.
ALCOHOL
!

AH,
OKAY!

YOU SING?

I'M A
GUITARIST.
I SING TOO,
BUT THAT
IDIOT
NICK WAS
THE MAIN
VOCALIST.



AND YOU?
YOU DON'T
PLAY THE
GUITAR
ANYMORE?



I JUST
DON'T FEEL
LIKE IT.



SO YOU...

WHAT IF NOW
IS THE TIME?
I'M GONNA
PLAY IN A
SMALL CLUB
TONIGHT.

AND
IF YOU FEEL
LIKE IT? ARE
YOU GONNA
PLAY THEN?

YOU'RE
PUSHING
IT. ASK
SOMEONE
ELSE.

YEAH.
IF THE
TIME
COMES.



YOU'RE A
STUBBORN
ONE.

I'M
NOT STUPID
ENOUGH TO ASK
SOME OTHER GUY,
WHEN YOU'RE
HERE RIGHT IN
FRONT OF MY
EYES.



I CAN DO
NICK'S
PART, AND
YOU CAN
PLAY MINE.



THAT
DOESN'T
MAKE
SENSE.



IT WAS
STOLEN.

...WHERE'S
YOUR
PRECIOUS
GUITAR?



12:01 P.122





IT'S
GONE 8?

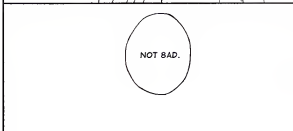


WAIT,
DON'T TURN
IT OFF.



OURS.

WHO'S
SONG IS
THAT?



NOT BAD.



THE FIRST DAY OF MY LIFE.



**WE ARE TOO OLD TO DIE.
ALL THAT'S LEFT FOR US IS TO LIVE
LIFE WITHOUT GRACE.**



**BUT WELL,
I DON'T MIND THAT EITHER.**

THE END OF TOO OLD TO DIE.



...IT
MUST BE
BILLY
AGAIN.



WHAT'S
THAT
SOUND?



MY
YOUNGER
BROTHER. HE
ONLY KNOWS
GUITAR.
GOODNESS.
HE'S SO
LOUD.

BILLY?



HE'S YOUR
AGE. YOU
DON'T KNOW
HIM FROM
SCHOOL?

HOW
OLD IS
HE?



HANG ON
A MINUTE.
I'M GONNA
GIVE HIM
HELL.





SAY
SOMETHING
TO HIM,
DAD!

WHAT?
HOW ABOUT
YOU SAVE
ALL OUR
EARS AND
JUST
QUIT!

WHY
DON'T YOU
USE SOME
EAR PLUGS,
INSTEAD?



BOTH OF
YOU, STOP.
WE'RE
EATING
DINNER.

WHY DON'T
YOU STOP
BRINGING THAT
BOY INTO
THE HOUSE IN
THE MIDDLE
OF THE DAY.



HE SAYS
HE'S
SAVING UP
TO BUY
A NEW
GUITAR.

PART
TIME
JOB-

BILLY,
ARE YOU
ALREADY
FINISHED
?



I DON'T
REALLY
WANT TO
PREACH
BUT,

TELL HIM
TO FORGET IT!
WHAT IF HE
MAKES MORE
NOISE THAN
HE ALREADY
DOES?







IF YOU'RE
GOING
TO STAND
THERE AND
LISTEN,
WHY DON'T
YOU JUST
COME IN?



PRETTY
NICE, HUH?
TO GET THIS
GUITAR,
I WORKED MY
BUTT OFF ONLY
GETTING
MINIMUM
WAGE.



IT'S
THE SAME
MODEL THAT
JOE FROM
THE REBELS
PLAYS.







IT'S ALL
GOOD.
I'VE BEEN
LISTENING.

YOU'VE
BEEN OUT
OF IT FOR A
WHILE NOW.
ARE YOU EVEN
LISTENING
TO ME?

...NICK.





DID YOU
WRITE
THIS?

I'M PLAYING
A REBELS'
SONG.

THAT'S A
NICE SONG.
LET'S
LISTEN TO
IT AGAIN.



WHAT
ABOUT
YOUR
SONGS?

THEY'RE
NOT GOOD
ENOUGH TO
PLAY FOR
ANYONE
JUST YET.



IT'S
ALL RIGHT.
GIVE IT
A GO.



BULLSHIT.

IT'S BETTER
THAN THE
REBELS'.



WHAT
KIND OF
MUSIC DO
YOU
USUALLY
LISTEN
TO?

I'VE
NEVER
REALLY
SERIOUSLY
LISTENED
TO ANY
MUSIC.

CAN I
TOUCH IT?

NEVER.

HAVE YOU
EVER TRIED
PLAYING
THE
GUITAR?



BUT I REALLY
LIKE YOUR
GUITAR.





ALLO?



OH! OH,
SOPHIE!
IT'S BEEN
A LONG
TIME.



WHAT? A
THIRD ONE?
YOU ALREADY
GAVE BIRTH?
CONGRATU-
LATIONS!



I'M A
BIT BUSY
RIGHT NOW,
BUT I'LL
MAKE TIME
TO COME
SEE YOU.

COME
ON IN,
LUCIAN.



OH,
LUCIAN.

BON-
JOUR.

THAT'S
RIGHT.

...
AGAIN
?

PLEASE
DELIVER
THIS TO
MONSIEUR
PASCAL.

Bonjour.

I saw blue.



OH, I
SUPPOSE
I DID.

YOU
CAME AT
THE PERFECT
TIME. I WANT
YOU TO RUN
SOME
ERRANDS
FOR ME.



MONSIEUR
PASCAL!
YOU FORGOT
THE TICKETS
AGAIN,
DIDN'T YOU?



THE ART
DISTRICT.
HERE,
TAKE
THIS.

WHERE
TOP



THE NEW
PROFESSOR,
MICHEL
LECONTE, HE'S
YOUR TYPE.
A GOOD MAN,
TOO.

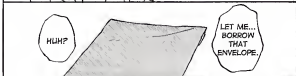
I'D
RATHER NOT.
IT STINKS
OVER
THERE.



YOU
KNOW
YOU'RE
INTER-
ESTED

DON'T
PATRONIZE
ME.







ARE YOU
SURE
YOU'RE
ALL
RIGHT?



I'M SORRY.
I DIDN'T THINK
IT WAS BAD
ENOUGH TO MAKE
ME VOMIT...
I'LL APOLOGIZE
TO MONSIEUR
PASCAL AND
COME BACK.

I'VE NEVER
SEEN ANYONE
LIKE YOU. IT'S
HARD TO BELIEVE
YOU CAN'T HANDLE
THE SMELL OF
TURPENTINE
WHEN YOU GO
TO AN ART
SCHOOL.



I PLANNED
TO SWING
BY AND
SAY HELLO
SOONER OR
LATER,
ANYWAY.

NO,
I'LL GO.



I'M
KIDDING.
IT WAS
JUST
A COPY
OF MY
DISSERTA-
TION.



IF I TOLD
YOU, YOU'D
QUITE LIKE
TO JUMP
OFF A
CLIFF.

ER...
WHAT WAS
IN THE
ENVELOPE
?





RE-
FRESHED.

HOW
ARE YOU
FEELING,
LUCIAN?



THEN,
WOULD YOU
LIKE TO
DO ME
A FAVOR?



I
HAPPEN
TO BE
GOOD AT
ORGANIZ-
ATION.

SOUNDS
LIKE
YOU'D BE
A USEFUL
PERSON
TO HAVE
AROUND.

BUT,
I JUST
CAN'T SEEM
TO GET
EVERYTHING
ORGANIZED.



THE
ATELIER
IN THE
CITY
IS TOO
SMALL,

SO THE
SCHOOL
ARRANGED
A SPACE
FOR ME ON
CAMPUS.

THANKS,
YOU'RE
A SAVIOR.









IT'LL BE
FASTER THAN
GETTING LOST
AT SCHOOL
LOOKING FOR
EACH OTHER,
WON'T IT?

HOW
ABOUT THIS?
WE'LL PLACE
A MEMO IN
THIS BOOK IF
WE HAVE TO COMMUNI-
CATE.



Professor
Kagami
is not here



TODAY'S
WORK IS
GOING TO
BE AT
ATELIER
NUMBER
THREE.



MICHEL
P







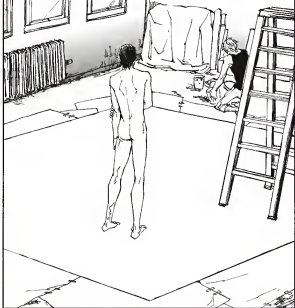


YOU LOOK
VERY
STATUESQUE
STANDING
THERE.



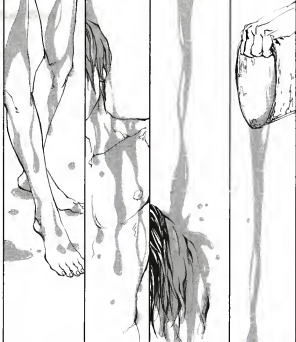
LUCIAN.





I'LL POUR
THE PAINT
OVER YOU.
MOVE AROUND
ON THE PAPER
HOWEVER
YOU WANT.





IT'LL BE
COLD AT
FIRST, BUT
YOU'LL GET
USED TO IT
QUICKLY.



MICHEL,
IT'S
THE SAME
BLUE...



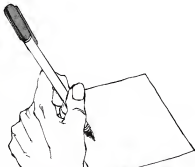
AS YOUR
EYES.











SHE
WOULD
LIKE TO
HAVE
DINNER
WITH US.

CAN YOU
COME BACK
EARLY?
SOPHIE'S
GOING TO
BRING OVER
HER
FIANCE.



LUCIAN.



OKAY.





LET ME
INTRODUCE
...



IT'S BEEN
A LONG
TIME. HAVE
YOU BEEN
WELL?



MICHEL,
MY FIANCEE.



MICHEL,
THIS IS MY
FATHER, AND
BABY BROTHER,
LUCIAN.



ENCHANTE.

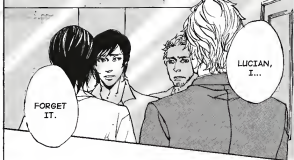
MY NAME
IS MICHEL
LECONTE.

I'M
SORRY.
MY
STOMACH
ISN'T
FEELING
WELL.

WHAT'S
WRONG
LUCIAN?
YOU'RE NOT
EATING
AT ALL.







FORGET
IT.

LUCIAN,
I...



IT NEVER
HAPPENED.

WE MET FOR
THE FIRST
TIME TODAY,
AS BROTHERS-
IN-LAW.





MICHEL,
YOU'RE NOT
A BAD
PERSON.

LUCIAN
...



I WAS JUST
DELLUSIONAL
ALL ON MY
OWN.



I'M SORRY,
LUCIAN.

THE SMELL
OF
TURPENTINE

AH, THAT'S
RIGHT. YOU
HATE IT.

I WAS DRAWN
TO YOU EVEN
THOUGH I HAD
SOPHIE.

I FEEL LIKE
THROWING UP.

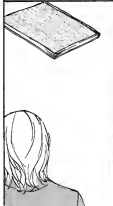
AAAHH....







NIPUKA NIPERA
**Ни пуха
Ни пера**





WHAT ARE
YOU TRYING
TO ACCOMPLISH,
JUST CIRCLING
AROUND ME
LIKE THAT?

SHEESH.
I SHOULDN'T
HAVE NAMED
HIM THE WAY
I DID.

HA HA HA.
LOOKS LIKE
YOU'VE GOT
YOURSELF A
SATELLITE!

WHAT'S HE
CALLED?

SPUTNIK.



IS IWAN
HOME?



THE LAUNCH
OF SPUTNIK
WAS
SUCCESSFUL!

IWANI!

—1957



I'M SORRY,
MA'AM.
I WAS IN
A HURRY.



YURI!
I TOLD
YOU TO
COME IN
THROUGH
THE MAIN
DOOR!



THE
NEWSPAPER
LISTED
THE AUDIO
FREQUENCY.



COME HERE!
WE MAY BE
ABLE TO GET
A SIGNAL
WITH THIS
TRANSISTOR
RADIO.





IT'S
GOING
TO BE
IMPOSSIBLE
TO SEE IT
DURING
THE DAY.



DO YOU
SEE IT?

WHOA,
ISN'T
THAT...

THAT'S
JUST
A BIRD.



DO YOU
THINK ONE
DAY PEOPLE
WILL BE
ABLE TO
TRAVEL TO
SPACE?

WE'LL BE
ABLE TO SOON.
I'M SURE
OF IT.



1961

GAGARIN
SAID...

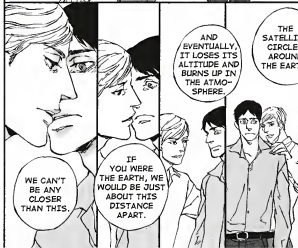
THE EARTH
IS BLUE.

THE SAME
COLOR AS
YOUR EYES.

WHAT'S
WRONG?



YOU ARE
THE EARTH.
I AM
THE SATELLITE.



AND
EVENTUALLY,
IT LOSES ITS
ALTITUDE AND
BURNS UP IN
THE ATMO-
SPHERE.

THE
SATELLITE
CIRCLES
AROUND
THE EARTH,

WE CAN'T
BE ANY
CLOSER
THAN THIS.

IF
YOU WERE
THE EARTH, WE
WOULD BE JUST
ABOUT THIS
DISTANCE
APART.



OTHER WISE,
YOU'LL
BURN UP.



IT GOT
SO RED!
DON'T GET
ANGRY,
I'M JUST
KIDDING
AROUND

WHAT
A RIDICU-
LOUS FACE!
I CAN'T
BELIEVE



OOF

HA HA
HA HA.



YURI.



LET'S GO
TO OUTER
SPACE
TOGETHER,
SOMEDAY.



MISTER?



FOR A
SECOND
THERE...

OH, I'M
SORRY.

YOUR
FRIEND?

I WAS
REMINISCING
ABOUT
AN OLD
FRIEND.



WHAT,
ARE YOU
GETTING
MARRIED
OR SOME-
THING?



LISTEN,
YURI.
YOU'RE
GONNA BE
SHOCKED.

— 1970

I'VE BEEN MADE
A CANDIDATE
FOR THE NEXT
SOYUZ PILOT.

CONGRATU-
LATIONS.

THAT'S
AMAZING.

IT'S VERY
COMPETITIVE,
BUT WITH A
LITTLE LUCK,
I'LL BE...

GUILTY
AS
CHARGED.

HA HA HA.

YOU'LL GET
YOUR CHANCE
TOO IF YOU CLIMB
THE LADDER FAST!
YOUR FLIGHT
STATS ARE
BETTER THAN
MINE.
BUT, YOU
FIND THE
SOCIALIZING
PART OF IT
ANNOYING.





HA HA HA
HA HA.



I CAN'T
BELIEVE
YOU'VE
BECOME
AN ASTRO-
NAUT.



**NIPUKA
NIPERA.**

"NIPUKA NIPERA" TRANSLATES TO,
"WITHOUT FEATHERS, WITHOUT WINGS" IN RUSSIAN.
IT IS USED LIKE THE EXPRESSION, "GOOD LUCK."



YOU WANT
ME TO GO
TO SPACE
WITHOUT ANY
WINGS?



YEAH.
BECAUSE IF
YOU HAVE
STUPID WINGS,
THEN YOU
MIGHT NOT
COME BACK.



IN
THE END...



DID HE
DIE?



I NEVER
GOT TO SEE
HIM AGAIN.



HE COULDN'T
THROW AWAY
HIS WINGS.



AH, WELL
THEN... WILL
YOU SAY HELLO
TO MY FRIEND
WHEN YOU
SEE HIM IN
SPACE?



I WANNA
BE AN
ASTRONAUT
TOO, YOU
SEE?



I'M SORRY,
I TOLD
YOU SUCH
A GLOOMY
STORY SO
EARLY IN THE
MORNING.

NO. I'M
GLAD YOU
DID.



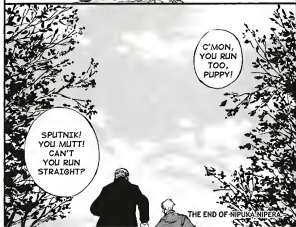
YOU WERE IN
THE AIRFORCE,
RIGHT?
IT'S NOT TOO
LATE NOW.

SORRY, BUT
YOU GO THERE
AND TELL HIM
YOURSELF.



GO
RUNNING!

FIRST,
BUILD
UP YOUR
STRENGTH!



SPUTNIK!
YOU MUTT!
CAN'T
YOU RUN
STRAIGHT?

C'MON,
YOU RUN
TOO,
PUPPY!

THE END OF NIPUKA NIPERA